

One Word

by kyuubifox14

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Summary: When Bella meets Paul she never expected that one word would turn into a mysterious connection meant to last a lifetime. But then, she'd never expected vampires or werewolves either. Bella/Paul. Oneshot.

One Word

****Hello everyone! This is the first fanfiction I've ever published so please go easy on me. This is a Paul/Bella story and is rated M for a reason. I'm not entirely sure of the timeline of this story so we'll just call it AU as it hides a variety of sins. Thank you for reading, please leave a review telling me what you thought!****

When Bella made eye contact with him she knew she was gone. He was staring at her with an intensity she had never seen before and she felt her entire body convulse at the thought of what he could do if he made good on what that look was suggesting.

"I'm Paul," he held out his hand for her to shake. Tentatively she reached out, she didn't know why she felt so intimidated, it was as if her body thought the second they made contact he was going to whisk her away into the night.

"Bella..." she said while lightly grasping his hand. As she did so his eyes darkened like liquid chocolate and stared at her all the harder. She lightly sucked in some air trying not to look as if she was affected by this man in front of her. He gave nothing more than a light smirk before he stalked back to the other boys around the fire. When Jake invited her to the beach she assumed the rest of the pack would be there and hoped she'd have a fun evening. But she had never expected this level of intensity from the one wolf she had yet to meet.

"Don't worry about Paul, Bella, I'm surprised he even introduced himself. Normally he doesn't really care about..." Bella turned to look at Jake, his brow was puckered in confusion and his lips were

downturned. He looked concerned about the way Paul had acted although she couldn't understand why. Paul had been nothing less than a gentleman hadn't he?

It was a beautiful evening to spend on the beach. The bonfire was crackling in the background and the stars were bright above her head. She exhaled a sigh of relief at the relaxing atmosphere. She had missed this. Ever since Edward had left Bella felt a constant darkness on the edge of her vision always pushing into her life and filling her with anxiety. It wasn't only because she missed the man she thought was the love of her life, but also a gnawing question "what if she never found anyone else? What if Edward had been her love story and it had ended. It was as if someone had ripped the last pages out of the book. The ones where the prince comes flying back on his white horse just at the right moment and saves the day. Only that hadn't happened; and she was alone.

Tonight she felt different however, she was surrounded by friends. She laughed as she watched Quil push Embry's face into the sand. Something about the atmosphere had her feeling comfortable when she hadn't in months. Jake was sitting next to her on a log near the fire, his arm around her shoulders. But for some reason she knew his presence wasn't why she was feeling so good. She couldn't help but let her eyes wander to where Paul was sitting near Leah. Bella couldn't understand her reaction to him earlier. He was no taller than the rest of the pack, no more muscled. Objectively he was no more attractive than any of the other boys present. When each of the boys phased they all started to look more alike, a side effect of being tanned and ridiculously muscled she supposed.

Yet, she couldn't stop her eyes dragging over his well formed body and up to his high cheekbones. His eyes were dark and she realised that when Jake told her he was angry and volatile, he meant it. But Bella could see that there was more to him, it was in his eyes. It was something other boys probably wouldn't notice, but the right woman could see straight away.

Next thing she knew, his eyes made contact with hers and she suddenly felt uncomfortable with Jake's arm around her.

"Jake, could you grab me a drink?" she said, sidling out from under his arm. She glanced again in Paul's direction once Jake had wandered off; he was smirking lightly at her. Suddenly Bella felt angry, who was this guy, making her feel uncomfortable with her best friend? How dare he?

Suddenly she was up and striding across the sand. She couldn't control her body, it almost shook with irrational anger over this man who had only said one word towards her in his life. She could see everyone else present looking at her with shock on their faces. Jake was staring at her open mouthed as if he had never seen her do anything for herself "and maybe he hadn't. She felt strong.

"Who do you think you are?" she nearly screeched. Her face was right in his, he was so tall that they were the same height when he was sitting down. Everything about him made her angry, but at the same time she felt a strange push in her chest which made her keep moving towards him.

"I'm whoever you want me to be baby," he drawled with a cocky grin on

his face. A gasp sounded behind her. Bella whipped her hand around only to see Sam's head quickly jolting between them with a look of horror on his face. "You didn't Paul," exclaimed Sam. He quickly dropped his face to his hands which violently rubbed his eyes. His expression was exasperated as if he couldn't believe he was the one who had to constantly deal with this drama.

Bella whipped her face back to Paul who was still looking at her with a hunger on his face which she had never experienced before. Not even Edward had looked at her like this when they were getting hot and heavy, as rare an occasion as that had been. She couldn't understand what was happening in her head either, as he body kept urging her to get closer to the man in front of her as if she had known him all her life. She violently lurched as her brain finally made the connection. She had seen the other pack imprints. As she looked over now Kim was wrapped around Jared with a desperation which was not normal for a couple as young and inexperienced as they were. There was no awkwardness in their affection, they were one hundred percent committed to spending the rest of their lives together.

Bella felt both dread and a fierce joy at the thought. If she was right, and Paul, this man she knew nothing about, had imprinted on her she was stuck with him forever. Certainly it was a scary thought, but also, she knew that he would never leave her, never hurt her. He could never do what Edward had done to her.

"You need to come with me, and we need to talk," she growled at the man in front of her, her man. She had no doubt now that he was her imprint. "Whatever you want babe, we can do more than talk too," he responded winking at her. Bella felt her face flush red, she was betrayed by her body in that moment. He stood gracefully, more smoothly than she ever could have hoped, took her hand and led her towards the truck. The rest of the pack was still staring at them in silence as they left the beach. Bella's eyes moved back to Jake who looked absolutely betrayed. Her heart lurched for approximately one second, but she was surprised to note that she wasn't as upset about this as she had originally assumed she would be.

Paul drove them to his small house, a ride which was consumed by awkward silence and quick glances at each others' face. Bella relaxed slightly with the idea that he didn't have any idea what he was doing either. They were both going into this situation completely blind.

Quicker than she thought possible, they were in Paul's kitchen. Bella leant against the counter, needing its solid surface to support her. She felt as if her body was about to float out of the room and into the sky. Suddenly, he was there, crowding her against the counter. His hands were on her waist and she could feel the intense heat radiating from his body. She felt nervous about his proximity but at the same time her body wanted more. She could tell that he wanted more too. His hardness was pressed against her thigh.

Rationally, Bella knew that this was moving far too fast. She had never done anything like this before. She was a virgin for goodness sake. Here was a ridiculously attractive man, who she was apparently bound to for life, pushing himself against her. And suddenly her brain left the building. As soon as she made eye contact his lips made contact with hers. It was a fierce dominant kiss, full of heat and lust and she felt her stiffness lessen. He moved to her neck

kissing all the while and her head thrust back with the intensity of this experience she had never had before. Bella could tell that Paul knew what he was doing; he had a reputation after all.

Almost without her noticing his hand made its way into her pants squeezing her ass and pushing her body closer to his heat. He growled as the friction between them increased and she gasped at the feel of his body against hers. She couldn't fight; this feeling was the best thing she had ever experienced.

Bella's mind was foggy with lust as he lifted her entire body as if she weighed nothing and carried her to his bed. He quickly removed both their clothing and stared at her nakedness as if he had never seen anything so attractive. She could see his dick twitching each time she made a small movement or moan against him.

"Do you want this?" He questioned. He hadn't said more than twenty words to her in the entire night and here Bella was, naked in his bed, practically begging him to have sex with her. "Yes," she groaned. Almost immediately he was inside her, stretching her and pushing at areas which had never been touched before. She screamed as he completely filled her. A look of worry passed over his face and Bella suddenly realised she probably should have told him she was a virgin. He stopped rocking into her and slowed his pace. His face was tense with concentration as he leant down and gently kissed her mouth. Bella moaned at the distraction he was providing. "You're so beautiful," he whispered into her ear. She gasped as she stared at him and he started moving again inside her. Suddenly, what had been painful a minute before, filled Bella with such an intense pleasure she thought she might explode. Paul's thumb found her clitoris and started to rub. "Oh, oh...shit" she whimpered as he continued to thrust in and out. A pressure was building inside her which she was unable to control.

Bella looked up at the face above her which was suspended in a look of absolute bliss, mouth slightly agape with a blurred lusty look in his eyes. Suddenly she realised that Paul was the most striking thing she had ever seen. And with that thought her body exploded around him. Bella's entire body pulled taut and her back arched violently on the bed. She nearly screamed with the intensity of the feeling. If this is what she had to look forward to, she wasn't going anywhere. As her body tightened around him Paul came undone too, thrusting wildly into her heat he tensed and Bella felt a not entirely unpleasant wetness fill her and start leaking down her thigh.

Paul fell to the bed beside her, careful not to crush her underneath his large body. He ran his hand through her hair as she came down from her body's high. Bella looked at the man next to her, staring into his eyes. In that moment she knew she was his, but even better than that, she knew he was hers. Bella knew nothing about Paul, nothing at all. But they were going to be together for the rest of their lives. He looked at her with a mischievous look. "So, would you like to be by girlfriend?"

Bella looked at his perfect face. It was going to be hard, she was sure. But they'd be alright. Everything was going to work out just fine. She smiled.

End

file.